" I had to, because the heart being in that condition he must be careful."

" Did he understand *really* ? "

" Oh, yes. He said he quite understood."

Yet a few minutes later when I saw Henry, and begged him to remember what the doctor had said about his heart, he exclaimed : " Fiddle ! It's not rny heart at all! It's my *breath*! " (Oh the ignorance of great men about them-selves !)

" I also told him," the Wolverhampton doctor went on, " that he must not work so hard in future."

I said : " He will, though,—and he's stronger than any one."

Then I went round to the hotel.

I found him sitting up in bed, drinking his coffee.

He looked like some beautiful grey tree that I have seen in Savannah. His old dressing-gown hung about his frail yet majestic figure like some mysterious grey drapery.

We were both very much moved, and said little.

" I'm glad you've come. Two Queens have been kind to ine this morning. Queen Alexandra telegraphed to say how sorry she was I was ill, and now you ----------"

He showed me the Queen's gracious message.

I told him he looked thin and ill, but *rested.*

" Rested ! I should think so. I have plenty of time to rest. They tell me I shall be here eight weeks. Of course I sha'n't, but still It was that rug in front of the door. I tripped over it. A commercial traveller picked me up—a kind fellow, but d n him, he wouldn't leave me afterwards—wanted to talk to me all night."

I remembered his having said this, when I

was told by his servant, Walter Collinson, that on the night of his death at Bradford, he stumbled over the rug when he walked into the hotel corridor.